

BURGLAR KNOCKS OUT TEETH OF HIS WOMAN VICTIM

Mrs. Connell, Awakened by Intruder, Silenced by Blow in Mouth.

GRAPPLES POLICEMAN.

Another Intruder Jewelry When Tenant Fires Two Shots at Him.

After knocking out several of Mrs. Kate Connell's teeth and fighting with two policemen, one of whom he eluded, Sidney Stephens, of No. 561 Eleventh avenue, was taken to the West Forty-seventh street police station early today, charged with attempted burglary and assault.

Mrs. Connell, a widow, living at No. 562 West Forty-seventh street, recently received \$500, the amount of her husband's insurance policy, and she told the police she believed the man knew of this and had broken into her room to get the money.

Mrs. Connell was awakened by a noise, and, sitting up in bed, saw in the dim light a man standing by her bureau and rummaging in the top drawer. She screamed for help and aroused several tenants in adjoining flats, but instead of coming to her aid, the burglar they were so frightened by, many of them fled, even going down the fire escapes, and others locked themselves in their rooms.

Intruder Kept at Work.

The intruder was evidently a cool hand, for, according to Mrs. Connell, he continued searching the bureau drawers and paid no attention to her until her screams became so loud and long that the entire neighborhood was aroused, when he was quiet to the bed and, bidding her be quiet, struck her on the mouth, and several of her teeth were knocked out.

Then he went out of the window, from which he had entered by way of the fire escape, and re-appearing on the balcony, he was seen to climb through the hallway on the first floor of the apartment house.

Here he was met by Policemen Hayden and Schumacher, who had been attracted by the noise made by the tenants. The man did not wait for the policeman to grab him, but made a low tackle and threw Schumacher heavily to the floor. Then he bolted into Hayden, who was behind him, and, after a struggle, broke loose and darted down Forty-eighth street to Ninth avenue, with the two policemen after him.

He tried to elude the officers by turning into a hallway in Forty-sixth street, but Hayden was close upon him, and in the second struggle used the butt of his pistol and subdued the man.

Another alleged burglar taken to the West Forty-seventh street police station, charged with attempted burglary and assault, was taken to the West Forty-seventh street police station early today, charged with attempted burglary and assault.

The noise of the man climbing on a fire escape aroused tenants, and some one fired two shots at him. This frightened the burglar, and he fled all the way and started back through the hallway.

He was met at the front door by Policemen Stockhouse, who chased him half a block and then arrested him.

The police say that Rosen has been arrested before, and that he is known to them under the name of Rosenthal. The prisoner was arraigned before Magistrate H. J. West Side Court and held in \$500 bail.

MAKES TENT NURSE HIS SECRET BRIDE

Frederick George Hay's Marriage is Sequel to a Saranac Lake Romance.

A romance in the open air tents of Bloomingdale, six miles from the fashionable winter colony at Saranac Lake, has culminated in the marriage of Miss Margarette M. McMillen and Frederick George Hay, both popular members of the colony.

The couple were married last October, but not until today were their friends apprised of the fact. The young persons met last spring. They occupied nearby tents. Mr. Hay fell ill and Miss McMillen, knowing him only slightly, volunteered to act as temporary nurse.

His recovery was rapid under her care, and as soon as he was able he and Miss McMillen hurried to the Rev. Ernest A. Smith, at Saranac, and were married. Not until recently did even the parents of the two know of the ceremony.

Mrs. Hay is the sister of John J. McMillen, a lawyer, and Dr. C. G. McMillen, a physician, of Saranac. Mr. Hay, who has been in the Adirondacks, is the son of the president of the Bank of Ottawa, and a veteran of the Ottawa fusiliers.

COURTESY ON THE EAST SIDE

Levy Will Honor St. Patrick and Cosgrove a Purim Feast.

St. Patrick's Day will be here to-morrow, and so will the Jewish feast, Purim.

Meeting Sam Levy, otherwise known as "Chesterfield Sam," the best dressed man on the East side, yesterday, "Capt." Michael Cosgrove said: "I want you to be my guest and ride with me in a carriage in the St. Patrick's Day parade."

"On one condition," said "Chesterfield Sam." "And that is that you will come with me when the parade has disbanded to a Purim feast."

"I'll go," replied "Capt." Cosgrove cheerfully. And the two shook hands.

Deserted Wife of Elopers Cooke Will Provide for Child of Her Girl Rival

Woman Abandoned by Unfrocked Pastor Offers to Take the Babe of Floretta Whaley.

DOING ONLY HER DUTY, AS SHE CONSIDERS IT.

Puts Entire Blame on Girl for Running Away, and Believes Husband to Be Crazy.

Quickly following the despatches from San Francisco which tell how Jere K. Cooke, former rector of St. George's Episcopal Church at Hempstead, L. I., and Floretta Whaley, his child dupe, who eloped with him, and their baby are in want, the statement is made today that Mrs. Cooke, the deserted wife, blames the Whaley girl entirely for the elopement, and will take charge of the baby and see that it is cared for.

Mrs. Cooke, who is with her father, Rienz A. Clarke, at Hartford, will not care for the child as her own, but considers it a duty, in the light of her strict religious training, to see it is not allowed to go hungry or suffer, because it is her husband's child.

Cooke has said he expected to marry Miss Whaley when his wife divorced him. Mrs. Cooke has no idea of divorcing him, and in this has the support of her parents, her counsel and the rector of her church.

Mrs. Cooke believes her husband is insane, and that Miss Whaley took advantage of his weakened mental state to persuade him to elope with her. Mrs. Cooke loved her husband deeply, and her love has not been wholly shattered. She believes Cooke's declaration in San Francisco after he and his child dupe were discovered there with their baby that his married life was nine years of hell was the ravings of a crazy man.

Cooke's Own Story.

Cooke and Miss Whaley are living under the name of Balcolm in San Francisco, where he is trying to earn a living as a painter and decorator. Miss Whaley has begged for money from her grandmother in Hempstead, but no money has been sent. Cooke has but no money to support himself, and he does not attempt to justify himself for eloping with the child and deserting his wife. He says in part: "To tear aside the curtain of silence which has shielded the love of Floretta Whaley and myself for one happy year, is to me utterly abhorrent."

"In bitterness eternal and unanswerable query: Why should I give up my happiness? Why should I give up my happiness? The primal laws of life and love gave us to each other. Are life and happiness nothing more than one long sacrifice? I think not. It is only the weakness that tacitly surrenders and by sacrifice obtains a mild joy and calmness which he indolently accepts as happiness. The man of flesh and blood and heart takes for himself and fights back; and if what he takes is worth the combat he will fight the whole world."

"The question is whether happiness lies in the beaten trail which the millions follow, or in the forbidden land on either side. Each must answer the question for himself. I have answered mine by my act. On my deathbed I shall discover who is right and who is wrong—the millions or myself. There is no question in my mind as I write now, and I cannot sing the song of motherhood to my child at her breast. Time might, as time has done, make many differences. Of the future no man can speak."

"Only ill-mated couples can understand my position as a husband. The laws of Church and land may make marriages, but no law can make beautiful such an existence. Life with a mockery of love is hell."

Talks of His Wife.

"My parents died when I was very young, but young as I was I remember distinctly my mother's promise to me when she was dying. As I grew older the calling appealed to me more and more, and I decided to enter the Church. I was adopted by a man named Cooke, whom I look upon as my uncle, and attended the public schools. When I was sixteen years old I was apprenticed to a painter and decorator. When I learned the trade I earned my own living, and eventually had enough to save to enter Yale. Life was an uphill struggle then. I had to work my way through college, and on graduating was appointed curate of a church in Baltimore."

"While there I met and married the woman the law calls my wife. There I made my first big mistake. When three days after our wedding she coldly told me that she had married me simply as a stepping stone to social success and that she saw in me one who was going to rise, I recognized the bitterness of my lot."

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"The snug and prosaic churchgoer whom I once openly told that I had turned up their eyes in holy horror. My God! To them such a step was inconceivable. They wanted to have me like themselves, snug, prosaic and 'respectable'—by all means respectable. I was to be entirely ignorant of the subject I had to combat. I was supposed to fight the flesh and the devil without knowledge of either."

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China Gives in TO ALL DEMANDS LEFT SICK MOTHER AND SHOT HERSELF

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BLOODHOUNDS AND AUTOS RUN DOWN FIREBUG SUSPECT

Two Townships Follow Dogs Over Miles of New Jersey Roads.

HOLD UP ON SCHOONER

Animals Lead to Aged Waterman, Who Protests Innocence of Sixteen Blazes.

Philip Rohrer, a grizzled waterman, who is described as "the bad man of the Shrewsbury Valley," and who was captured last night after a prodigious exciting bloodhound chase that engaged the attention of two townships, was held for the Grand Jury today by Mayor Packer, of Seabright, upon suspicion of being a firebug.

Before the Mayor decided to hold the venerable henchman, many offenses of the past were raked up against him. He had been arrested for stealing a cow, convicted of stealing a pig, jailed for chicken poaching and locked up for a year because he built himself a chicken coop of stolen lumber.

The testimony to connect him with sixteen incendiary fires that has incensed the region of the famous Rumson Road for weeks, was vague, though the firebugs had been last night.

Miss Katherine Reese had seen the back of a man who was hovering about the C. D. Halsey Barn, on the Ridge Road. She failed, however, to identify Rohrer's back when the Court ordered him to turn it to her.

Harry Richards, who was summoned by the girl, had seen a shadow moving swiftly away from the barn. The prisoner was made to show several shadows for Richards' inspection, but he could not identify any of them. He testified, however, that he had indicated the place where he saw the shadow to the bloodhounds and that the bloodhounds had taken up the scent that brought them to Rohrer.

In a class of four miles.

As for the bloodhounds, Chief of Police Snodgrass, of Atlantic Highlands, declared they were the best that could be bought in Jefferson City, Mo.; that they had a record of fifteen captures and convictions. This and the prisoner's record weighed against him.

Capt. Wilson, skipper of the schooner Buena Vista, and Rohrer's employer, made an eloquent plea for him.

"Your Honor," he said, "this man is the soul of honesty when he is sober. He only steals when he is drunk. I trust him with my boat, and he has never stolen so much as a ring bolt in twenty years."

When the Mayor held the prisoner the loyal skipper of the little boat schooner bailed him out.

The boroughs of Rumson, Sea Bright and Atlantic Highlands have been at white heat for weeks over a succession of incendiary fires, in which many splendid villas of New York millionaires were threatened. The latest act of the firebug, until yesterday, was the touching off of Cornelius N. Bliss's barn, on the Rumson road two weeks ago.

Cottages and stables in the villages had suffered before, and local constables are keeping only in the daytime. The fires continued, however, and it was urged upon Mayor McMahon, of Rumson, to add to the police service two bloodhounds.

Two trained and savage animals were obtained and kept in leash at Atlantic Highlands by the chief constable of that borough. The dogs were taken out after the fire on the Bliss estate, but they failed to pick up the scent.

Firebug Always on Time.

One feature of the fires had excited public comment: they all occurred between 6:30 and 7 o'clock. Last evening at exactly 6:30 Katherine Reese, a farmer's daughter, passing the beautiful home of C. D. Halsey, a broad street broker, on the Ridge road, noticed a man rumbling with the lock of the barn door. It was just after the thunderstorm, and the girl saw that he was a stranger to the place and ran to the home of Harry Richards, the caretaker.

Richards hurried out with her just in time to see a man dashing across the fields to the direction of Sea Bright. He had too good a lead to attempt pursuit on foot, so Richards telephoned to Mayor McMahon. The Rumson Mayor telephoned to the custodians of the bloodhounds, who were on duty, and then aroused the adult population of the place to join in the pursuit.

Dogs and Autos on Trail.

Chief of Police John R. Snodgrass, of Atlantic Highlands, had the bloodhounds in his barn and the moment he heard from Rumson he impressed an automobile in the service and accompanied by half his police force, covered the mile and a half to Rumson in less than two minutes. By the time he arrived with the dogs at the Halsey barn hundreds of men, women and boys were swarming over the grounds with lanterns.

Every resident, who owned a motor car and there were a dozen of them—had his machine lined up at the roadside, waiting for the bloodhounds to get the scent and start.

Word of the chase was flying through the countryside by telephone, and buzzes and carvells rattled down to the Rumson and Ridge roads from every village in the region. Many of the men carried shotguns, and there were few who had not a weapon of some sort. Everywhere lanterns flashed and a shrill pandemonium of voices split the air.

The dogs started off in leash, dragging the two Atlantic Highlands constables over the turf. For a few hundred yards they followed the fields, snarling along the Ridge road, then crossed a strip of marsh to the Rumson road. There they lost the scent for a few minutes, confused by the glare of the cortège of automobiles.

When they took up the trail again

THIEF GOT RING, BUT DROPPED IT IN HIS FLIGHT

Mrs. Yohelm's Anniversary Gift Had Sparkled Its Way to Neighborhood Fame.

For the past two weeks Mrs. Isaac Yohelm's diamond ring has been the talk of the neighborhood around Eighth avenue and Forty-third street.

Mrs. Yohelm and her husband conduct a delicatessen store at No. 636 Eighth avenue and occupy living rooms in the rear.

They celebrated their twentieth anniversary early in March and Isaac gave his wife the ring. In that part of town a diamond ring is commonly termed a "cluck." Mrs. Yohelm's was larger and more glittery than any other on the block. She also wore diamond earrings and a diamond pin at her throat.

Made a Fine Showing.

But the ring fascinated all beholders. As Mrs. Yohelm sliced cheese or roast meat or ladled out kraut, or pickles or potato salad, it shone and sparkled like flashes of electricity.

Men who believe that the world owes them a living and live up to the belief are common enough in the vicinity of Eighth avenue and Forty-second street. It was only a question of time when Mrs. Yohelm's "cluck" would attract the attention of one of these.

The thief dashed for the cellar and reached the street that way. Policeman Stockhouse, was waiting for him. The prisoner was made to show several shadows for Richards' inspection, but he could not identify any of them. He testified, however, that he had indicated the place where he saw the shadow to the bloodhounds and that the bloodhounds had taken up the scent that brought them to Rohrer.

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